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GONE.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

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CHAPTER V.

The suddenness of that wholly un-
hoped for and amazing discovery seemed
to paralyze us both. We stared at him
and then dumbly at each other. There
could be no mistake. We knew him too
well for an erroneous identification to be
possible. But, though he was found, the
mystery was now as far from solution as
it had ever been, indeed past all hope of
explanation apparently.

Out of the throng by this time gath-
ered bustled two doctors, who after
careful and critical examination of the
lighting's victims determined that one
of the men and one woman were dead,
but life still lingered in the other three.
and one of those for whom resuscitation
might yet be possible was my former
partner. A stout, elderly gentleman of
kindly face and hearty manner received
this verdict with evident pleasure and
immediately began giving orders for
Harold's removal. At this point Mr.
Bunker seemed to wake up and asked
the stout gentleman, "Are you acquaint-
ed with this young man?"

"Acquainted with Henry Lessing? I
should say so. He has been in my em-
ploy, and a worthier young man never
lived."

"May I ask what is to be done with
him?"

"Certainly. I'm going to take him to
my house and carry Dr. Harris here
along with me to fetch him around."

"I have also known the young man
and would like to know if he recovers."

"Well, come and see him. Here's my
card. I shall be glad to have you call.
Any one who is a friend of Henry's will
be welcome in my house."

By that time an old fashioned "dear-
born" wagon had been brought up, its
seat taken out and Harold slid in upon
the floor. The gentleman referred to as
Dr. Harris got in with him; the stout
gentleman took the reins and drove rap-
idly away. We read upon the card Mr.
Bunker had received, "H. E. Trimble,
commission merchant," with a business
address, and penciled upon its back his
residence.

"What do you think now?" demanded
Mr. Bunker as we started back to town.

I never saw a face more expressive of
sorrow and sympathy than his was when
he believed my old partner dead, but the
altered conditions had altogether changed
it now, and I saw at a glance all his sus-
picious were again fully awake.

"I don't think I feel like expressing an
opinion just yet," I said, "for beyond
the possibility of his being alive we
know no more than we did yesterday."

"We know at all events that he has
been here a year under a false name--
and I have a thunderation curiosity to
learn why."

When we reached our hotel, he went
to his room, as I supposed, to change his
clothing and lie down; but, as I subse-
quently learned, on such supine self-
indulgence was no his programme. What-
ever he did I saw him no more until
breakfast time next morning, when he
said to me:

"Merrivale, I'm going up to Columbus
this morning to get from the governor
the necessary papers for Harold's return
to Bridgton. Last night I hunted up a
magistrate, got a warrant, and this
morning if the young man woke up I
guess he found an officer by his bed wait-
ing to arrest him on a charge of embezz-
ling \$7,500 from Ransom Merrivale. They
won't let him get away again before
I return. What's the matter with you?
You look dumfounded?"

"So I am," I replied, "by your unholy
energy in this matter. Why in thunder
couldn't you wait even to know if he was
alive or dead? Why didn't you let me
know what you were up to?"

"I couldn't afford to take any chances.
Now, see here. I have that doctor's as-
surance he can pull him through and
take it for granted he will. Suppose he
does. What will Mr. Linden do when
he wakes up and finds somebody has
identified him? Skip again. Of course
he will. But I say 'No.' I've too much
at stake. That mystery has got to be
cleared up. My daughter Annie--and
she's all I've got in the world--thinks
just as much of that rascal as she ever
did, and I've got to have him straight-
ened out definitely one way or another
for her sake. And I should fancy you:
interest is a pretty strong one, too, if, as
you have more than hinted to me, his
sister will not marry you until he turns
up again. So I'm going to take him
back by the scruff of the neck with my
own hand if there's no other way, but I
won't trust even my hand when I can
make use of a bigger and stronger one--
that of the law. I didn't tell you be-
cause I know you have a sentimental
nature which is apt to get the better of
your practicality, and I meant to protect
myself and you, too, against it. There's
the card. Go and see him while I'm
gone if you choose and sympathize with
him as much as you like, but I go with
the comforting assurance I shall be able
to put my hand on him all the same
when I get back."

I could not get angry at the old fel-
low, for his view of the situation was
undeniably practical, but neither could
I approve his radical measures, so I said
nothing and pocketed the card he gave
me. But when a train had carried him
off toward Columbus I did something he
had not thought of, I believe. I tele-
graphed to Celia:

"Come immediately. Take first train.
Harold is here. Needs you greatly. Do
not lose a minute."

Perhaps I repeated my insistence upon
haste more than was necessary, but I
have always deemed it best to be so ex-
plicit in giving directions to a woman

that she shall not imagine herself re-
quired to use any judgment of her own.
That dispatch had more effect than I an-
ticipated. Celia and Annie Bunker were
closer friends than I knew. Their com-
mon love as sister and sweetheart for
the same man--and he the core of a
seemingly insoluble mystery--had
brought about a bond of more than sis-
terly affection between them. Conse-
quently when I went to the depot to
meet my dear girl I was electrified by
the sight of Annie in her company and
felicitated myself not a little that my
colleague had not yet returned from
Columbus.

Some good news I had for the girls.
Dr. Harris had reported to me that,
though Harold's consciousness had not
yet been fully restored, his recovery was
assured and in a few hours more prob-
ably his narrow escape from death would
be simply a memory. Incidentally I
learned that a policeman was indeed, as
Mr. Bunker had declared, sitting by the
young man's bedside to arrest him when
he awoke, to the indignation bewilderment
of worthy Mr. Trimble.

While taking the girls in a carriage to
Mr. Trimble's house I narrated the re-
markable circumstances of our discov-
ery, so preparing them against the shock
of finding Harold an invalid, and, last of
all, gave them the gratifying intelligence
I have just repeated from Dr. Harris.
By that time we had reached our destina-
tion. Mr. Trimble met us at the door,
and it appeared to me his expression of
angry surprise--induced by the officer's
unwelcome presence--had been sup-
planted by one of dejection mingled with
disgust. When I had introduced him to
Miss Linden and Miss Bunker, he re-
quested them to be seated in the parlor
and conducted me to another room and
said gloomily:

"I guess you've got him right. He has
waked up, and of all the cheeky cusses I
ever met he is the worst. And all the
while he lay there like a wax image,
when you and I were talking by his bed
yesterday afternoon, he must have known
what was going on. Yes, sir. He knew
he was caught and never let on until he
had rolled it over in his mind and laid
out his new game. Oh, I tell you, he is
a deep one! And to think he has been
with me a year and I never suspected it!"

"Tell me what makes you think so now?"

"Well, this morning, when he judged
the time had come to declare himself, he
opened his eyes, stared around and
sprung on us that ancient chestnut,
'Where am I?' just as if he hadn't slept
in that room 50 times before. From that
minute I had a cold eye on him, but I
never let on. 'You are in bed in my
house, Henry,' says I, 'and you've had a
close call.' Says he: 'Why do you call
me Henry? Who are you, and what
close call have I had?' I don't know
what I might have answered him
when I got my breath, but just
then the policeman chipped in with the
question, 'Your name is Harold Linden,
isn't it?' 'Yes,' says he, without a blush,
promptly. 'Then,' says the policeman
with a satisfied grin, 'I arrest you for
embezzlement.' 'The devil you do!' ex-
claims the young fellow, affecting sur-
prise. 'By what authority?' The officer
showed him the warrant, and he read it



"The devil you do!"

over as if he had been wool gathering in
his mind instead of getting the sense of
it. 'Hamilton, Butler county, O., Sep-
tember, 1883,' he reads off, slow and
doubtful. 'I don't understand this
at all. Why, this is June, 1882. An I
suppose I'm in the Astor House, though
I cannot remember how I got to bed! I
st night, and this doesn't look like my room.
I came forward again and gave him one
more chance. Says I, 'Henry, don't you
know me?' He seemed to hesitate ab-
solutely, as if he were after being the friend
to him I have been and looked at my
face a minute before he answered, but
finally said, 'I really am not aware of
having met you before, sir, and I
don't know why you persist in call-
ing me Henry. That made me mad,
and I said, 'I call you Henry because
you said that was your name when you
came here, and it is the name you have
drawn a good salary under in my em-
ploy for a year past, and if you were
able to stand up I'd kick you for your
impudence. 'I don't stand up for the
sake of being kicked,' says he quite de-
liberately, 'but it seems to me I've got
to stand up even at that risk in order to
find out something of what and where
and who I am. And with that he tried
to get out of bed but though his head
was clear enough the electricity hadn't
all got out of his legs yet, I guess, for
he couldn't stand and would have tumbled
in a heap if the policeman and I had not
grabbed him and put him back in bed.
Then we sent for the doctor, who came
and rubbed some stuff on him and gave
him something to take every half hour.
That was only about an hour ago. The
doctor has just gone away, saying he
will be all right tomorrow at the furthest.
Then I shall kick him."

I did not think he would when he
knew all, but wasted no time in argu-
ment. Harold was conscious and in the

mood to acknowledge his identity, so no
time was to be lost. I conducted his
sister to where he lay.

CHAPTER VI.

What a scream of joy the dear girl
gave when she caught sight of him, and
with what a glad shout he answered it:
And his next "hurrah" was for me as I
entered the door behind her.

"Is it indeed you, dear sister?" he ex-
claimed. "And you, too, Ransel? How
on earth did you find me? And where in
heaven's name am I? It seems to me I'm
in either a hive of mild lunatics or a den
of practical jokers, and I'm not sure
which."

"Oh, Harold," she replied earnestly.
'How I thank God that I see you alive
again! Alive! Alive! And almost well!
And, oh, I've mourned you so long as
dead. And you so near it too.'"

I never saw so puzzled a face as his
was then.

"Mourned me a long time? I nearly
dead? Why, you dear little goose, it was
only yesterday I left you to come to the
city."

"Ah, brother, it was 15 long, weary
months ago."

He turned very pale, passed his hand
over his brow slowly and moaned: "Good
God! Am I mad and dreaming all this?"

Taking his sister by the shoulders and
raising her from his shoulder, where she
had hidden her weeping face, he fixed
his gaze intently upon her countenance,
muttering to himself: "Yes, it is Celia:
it is Celia. Yet she said '15 months'!"

Suddenly a look of anxiety swept over
his expressive countenance, and he cried:
"And Annie--my Annie! Tell me
about her!"

"She is here, Harold," answered Celia.
"Here!" he exclaimed, attempting to
rise.

She put her hand upon his breast and
pressed him down, while I opened the door



"How good God is to bring you to my arms again!"

for Miss Bunker, who had been waiting
outside. Then there were two more rap-
turous cries, and again the lucky young
fellow was folded in the arms of a beau-
tiful girl, who murmured in his ear, in-
different to our presence:

"Oh, Harold, my darling, how good
God is to bring you to my arms again,
my love! How could you be so cruel as
to stay away from me all this while!"

"My joy in our reunion is no less than
yours, my angel," he replied, "but some-
body else will have to answer your ques-
tion. Only yesterday, as it seems to me,
I bade you 'goodby' at the garden gate,
and yet you, like Celia, speak as if I had
been away from you a long time. I do
not understand you: upon my soul I do
not."

Intent as we were upon him and
standing with our backs to the door
neither of us noticed Mr. Bunker's en-
trance, but he had come upon the scene
and standing in the background was lis-
tening intently.

"Let us see," I interposed, "if we can-
not make some progress toward straight-
ening out this tangle by taking hold of
the string at one end and following it
up. Begin at the point marked by both
your knowledge and Miss Bunker's--
her garden gate yesterday, as you say--
and tell us exactly what you did, step
by step, as far as you can remember."

"That's easy enough, old fellow," he
answered, with a laugh. "I went back
to the store and got out \$15,000, which I
had drawn from the bank before 3 o'clock
and temporarily locked up there in the
safe. I took the money home with me
and packed it in my valise, with some
things I would want in the city during
an absence of a day or two. Then Celia
and I took an early dinner. I hurried to
the depot, caught the train, got a sleep-
ing car berth went to bed and woke up
in New York. There I took a room at
the Astor House, fixed up a little, break-
fasted and then went down to the offices
of Douglas & Jones, brokers, with whom
I deposited the \$15,000 as a margin on
the purchase of 2,000 shares of Memphis
and Charleston Air Line stock, which
they took in before I left there at 3 P.
I put a stop order on it for sale at 40
and started over to Newark to get man-
ufacturers terms on that embezzled
leather we were talking about laying in
a stock of I landed at the Broad street
depot, went up Market street, and--and
--that's all I remember. I don't know
how I got to bed last night."

"What in the name of all that is in-
comprehensible put it into your head to
make that break on Wall street," I de-
manded.

"It wasn't a break, my dear fellow,"
he replied confidently. "It was a make.
I'm sure of it. I had private informa-
tion from an old friend, who was on the
inside, that the stock was to be put on
the market that morning, with a strong
pool behind it pledged not to let it get
below 30, and manipulation all provided
for to force it up to 40 anyway, and per-
haps higher. The safe 40 was good
enough for me. And I meant to give you
a joyous surprise by doubling your bank
account without your knowing how, it
was done. And I have."

"Wouldn't it be well to wire to those
brokers and find out if you have," sug-
gested Mr. Bunker, pushing himself for-
ward.

"Hello, Bunker! You here too! Well,
this is a reunion. Why, certainly, wire
them if you want to, though it is not
probable there is much of a rise yet."

"What! In 15 months?"

"Ah! Fifteen months! There you go
again," exclaimed Harold, with the trou-
bled look coming back in his face, "and
yet I could swear you are all real."

Well, to make a long story short, the
message of inquiry was sent to Douglas
& Jones, who promptly replied they had
sold his stock out at 40, as ordered, net-
ting him \$18,500 by the deal, which, with
his deposit of \$15,000, had been for 15
months lying in bank awaiting his order.

As may readily be supposed, Mr.
Bunker made no use of his extradition
papers, the policeman was sent about his
business, and Mr. Trimble's good humor,
when he was taken into the general con-
fidence, was fully restored. The next
day we all set off together for home, but
went out of our way to investigate at
Newark the hypothesis suggested by
Dr. Harris, which we found perfectly
correct. While hurrying along Market
street, going to the leather manufac-
turers, Harold had been prostrated by
sunstroke and was carried by the police
to a hospital. There he soon recovered
physically, but with the entire loss of
his identity until his memory was re-
stored in the sudden and mysterious way
already described by a no less severe
shock, that of the lightning stroke at the
camp meeting. That he had suffered
such a loss was not suspected by the doc-
tors or nurses at the hospital, who upon
referring to their records remembered
his case perfectly. He had no papers or
anything else upon him to give him an
identity when he was picked up by the
police, so went down on the register
simply as "Unknown man."

One of the nurses, however, noticed
the initials "H. L." on his cuff buttons
and invented the name "Henry Lessing"
for him, which he when he was able to
go on, placidly accepted as his and
thenceforth wore. How he strayed away
to Ohio nobody ever knew, but there
was nothing to prevent his going any-
where and getting along very well. His
physical condition was good and his
mind all right, with the exception that
he had lost his past, in finding which
once more, I am glad to be able to record,
he also found a happy future.

THE END.

Miscellaneous Reading.

TEN REMARKABLE WORKS.

The following are considered to
have been the ten most remarkable
works of human labor. 1. The Pyra-
mids of Egypt and Mexico, the largest
of which, near Cairo, known as the
Great Pyramid, built by Cheops, king
of Egypt, took 360,000 men 20 years
to build. 2. The artificial reservoir--
Lake Meoris--built by Amenemhat, the
twelfth dynasty, which served to
store up the waters of the Nile, during
the season of floods, and distribute
them by canals over the land during
the dry season. Its circumference was
3,600 furlongs and, on its being al-
lowed to fall into ruin, the fertility of
the region became, to a serious extent,
a thing of the past. 3. The Taj Mahal,
a tomb erected at Agra, in Hindoostan,
by Shah Jehan over his Queen Noor
Jehan, described by Bayard Taylor in
a poem. It is built of the purest
white marble, and yet seems so airy,
that, when seen from a distance, it is
so like a fabric of mist and sunbeams,
with its great dome soaring up, a sil-
very bubble, about to burst in the sun,
that even after you have touched it
and climbed to its summit, you almost
doubt its reality. It cost \$16,000,000.
4. The Temple of Baalbec, in the
erection of which, stones 62 feet long,
20 feet broad and 15 feet thick have
been used--more prodigious masses
than have ever elsewhere been moved
by human power, and much exceeding
in size any stones used in the Pyra-
mids. 5. The Temple of Karnak,
described by Ferguson as the noblest
effort of architectural magnificence
ever produced by the hand of man. It
covers twice the area of St. Peter's at
Rome, and undoubtedly is one of the
finest buildings in the world. 6. The
great Wall of China, 1,280 miles in
length. It is 20 feet in height, and in
thickness 25 feet at the base and 15 at
the top. The Eiffel Tower, erected in
the grounds of the 1889 Paris exhibi-
tion, and 984 feet high. 8. The Suez
canal, with 88 miles of waterway con-
necting the Mediterranean and Red
sea, and forming the principal route
to India. It cost more than 17,000,-
000 sterling, and 172,602 out of the
397,677 shares were purchased by, and
belong to, the British government. 9.
The railway bridge (the largest cantile-
ver bridge in the world) over the Forth,
with two spans each of 1,700
feet, erected at a cost of nearly £4,000,-
000. 10. The leaning tower of Pisa,
which deviates 13 feet from the per-
pendicular. The following works were
by the ancients esteemed the seven
wonders of the world: The Pyramids,
the Tomb of Mausolus, the Temple of
Diana, the Hanging Gardens of Baby-
lon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Ivory
and gold statue of Jupiter Olympus,
and the Pharos or Watch-tower of
Egypt.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

An Estranged Pair Reunited Through a
Newspaper Item.

Here is a story that is the aftermath
of romance and the prologue of a wed-
ding. It occurred recently in a Cin-
cinnati store:

A handsome blonde gentleman walk-
ed from the elevator at the third floor,
evidently in a state of expectant per-
turbation, and after a hurried glance
about the room walked hastily toward
a pretty black haired saleswoman. The
young lady, hearing his approach,
turned half around to wait on a pros-
pective customer. The gentleman
grabbed the lady before she had turned
completely around, and drawing
her close to him planted a kiss upon
her rosy lips. Clerks and customers
looked on apace until an explana-
tion was made.

Mrs. Ella Gruenmeier was the sales-
woman, and the man who embraced
her was Mr. Charles Gruenmeier, her
ex-husband. Four years ago Mr. and
Mrs. Gruenmeier occupied a handsome
home on East Fairfield avenue, Day-
ton, Ky. They had been married two
years, and a pretty little girl was the
fruit of their union. He began to in-
dulge in mild dissipation and lost his
position. Strained relations between
husband and wife followed, and they
finally separated.

For three years Mrs. Gruenmeier
heard nothing of her husband. She
sought and obtained a decree of di-
vorce upon the grounds of desertion
and failure to provide.

Their little daughter became danger-
ously ill of typhoid fever, and she
published the fact in a newspaper.
This was noticed by the father at his
new home in Chicago, and he wrote to
his former wife as to the condition of
the little one. This led to a corres-
pondence between the separated ones,
and learning that Mrs. Gruenmeier had
secured a divorce Gruenmeier had
come to her. The scene described
above resulted. Mrs. Gruenmeier took
her daughter to see her father, and
for the first time in four years the
little family was reunited. He returns

The most valuable manuscript in

the United States is that of the origi-
nal book of Mormon, which is now
kept in the vault of one of the Rich-
mond (Mo.) banks. It is in the posses-
sion of a family named Whitmer.
They have been offered \$100,000 in
gold for it by the Salt Lake faction of
the Mormon church.

The largest sum ever asked or offer-
ed for a single diamond was \$2,450,000,
which the Prince of Hyderabad, India,
paid for the "Imperial."

The two most costly prayer rugs in
the Orient are those made specially for
the shah of Persia and the sultan of
Turkey. Each is bordered with dia-
monds and pearls and valued at \$2,-
500,000.

The most valuable modern painting
is Missioner's "1814," which was sold
to a Frenchman a few years ago for a
sum equal to \$170,000.

MANNERS OF GREAT MEN.

Monroe was, even in his own time,
called "A gentleman of the old school."
Henry Clay was said to make the
most engaging bow of any gentleman
of his time.

Andrew Jackson was rough in his
manners, but he could be polite when
he pleased. He was always courteous
to ladies.

Byron was affable to his equals and
to those whom he wished to please,
but haughty and distant to most
others.

Talleyrand owed his success in life,
to no small extent, to the uniform
courtesy with which he treated every
one.

Haydn was the personification of
courtesy. He once said, "It does not
pay to be impolite even to a dog."

General Greene had the reputation
of being the most polite man in the
Revolutionary army during the war for
independence.

Goethe's manners were simple and
unaffected. He greeted all men as his
equals, and delighted every one whom
he met.

John Adams was so reserved that he
generally gave the impression that he
was suspicious of those with whom he
was talking.

Daniel Webster was lofty and digni-
fied. His abstraction sometimes cre-
ated the impression of incivility where
no discourtesy was intended.

Gladstone is polite to everybody.
At his country home he knows every-
one in the vicinity, and has a kindly
word for even the poorest farm laborer.

William Penn's formal, but kindly
politeness impressed even the Indians
with whom he dealt. One of the
names given him by them was "The
Good Big Chief."

Madison made it a point to touch his
hat to every one who bowed to him, and
the front part of his hat-brim was al-
ways worn threadbare in consequence
of this punctiliousness.

Cromwell, in spite of the position
which he attained, never departed
from the simplicity of life of an English
country gentleman. In conversation
he was quiet and unassuming.

George Washington had a stately
courtesy, inclined to pomposity, that
kept everyone at a distance. He al-
ways wanted it clearly understood that
he was the Father of his Country.

Thomas Jefferson had the dignified
bearing of an old-time gentleman. In
his manner he was generally cold, but
with friends would unbend his dignity
and be as sociable as any one could
desire.

HOW TO FORETELL THE WEATHER.

The different colors of the sky are
caused by certain rays of light being
more or less strongly reflected or
absorbed, according to the amount of
moisture contained in the atmosphere.

Such colors do, therefore, portend to
some extent, the kind of weather that
may naturally be expected to follow.
For instance, a red sunset indicates a
fine day to follow, because the air when
dry refracts more red or heat-making
rays, and as dry air is not perfectly
transparent, they are again reflected in
the horizon. A coppery or yellowish
sunset generally foretells rain; but
as an indication of wet weather ap-
proaching nothing is more certain
than halos round the moon, which are
produced by the refraction of light in
the suspended globules of water, and
the larger the halo, the nearer the
clouds and consequently the more
likely to fall. The following has been
advocated as a fairly successful way
of prognosticating: Fix your eye on
the smallest cloud you can see, if it
decreases and disappears the weather
will be good; if it increases in size
rain may be looked for. The reason
given is: when electricity in the air is
on the increase the larger clouds
attract all the less ones, but when it is
decreasing even large clouds will be
seen breaking up into small pieces.

A postal card mailed at Hamp-
stead, Eng., to an address not five
minutes' walk from the sender's house,
made a journey of 25,000 miles. In
the mail the card slipped into a news-
paper bound for Tasmania. On reach-
ing Tasmania, the card was discovered
and returned to the sender in a letter.
London Times.

LETTER FROM LOWRYSVILLE.

Weather and the Crops--Story of the Re-
cent Shooting--Unique Proposition for
a Compromise on the Silver Question.
Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

LOWRYSVILLE, June 4.--May was
surely a record-breaker. We had
frosts in this section to kill entire fields
of cotton, where the ground was dis-
turbed by cultivation the day previous.
At the last of the month, the hottest
weather ever felt at this season of the
year. The little corn had not grown
scarcely any until ten days ago; but is
growing well now. It is fully three
weeks behind last year.

The Negro Hope, shot by R. C. Guy
recently, is now thought to be in fair
way to recovery. The report of the
difficulty published in THE ENQUIRER
was substantially correct. The swap
had been fairly consummated, for Hope
had given a mortgage on the cow he got
from Guy, subsequent to the swap.
Hope, with several members of his
family, followed Mr. Guy a mile or
more for the purpose of forcibly taking
the yearling from him, and by force
and threats, and by assaults, proceeded
to do so, and after Mr. Guy had ex-
hausted his ammunition, he succeeded
in driving them back, until exhausted
by his wounds, he drove them into an-
other Negro's pasture.

Miss Florence Guy has been quite
sick, but is now thought to be better.

At the risk of being called a "fool,"
"free silverite," "repudiationist," etc.,
I believe I will make a suggestion on
the financial question. The chief ob-
jection to the free coinage of silver
urged by the "goldbugs" is that it
would make money too cheap by estab-
lishing silver monometallism, and the
objection to the gold standard is that
it makes money too dear. Then why
not let the government make an alloy
of gold and silver, at the ratio of 16 to
1, and coin it into money. This would
make the true bimetallic dollar, weigh-
ing 217 9-10. Require all money or
bullion for export, to be composed of
the two metals at 16 to 1, or coined
into the bimetallic dollar. Then Eng-
land could not take our gold without
taking our silver also. It appears
that this would be fair to all and es-
tablish true bimetalism. W. O. G.

LETTER FROM HOODTOWN.

The Crops--Speeches by Finley and Strait--
A Sermon on Hard Times.
Correspondence of the Yorkville En